

air, and lovely, restful country, glad to escape from the contaminating influences of a vast, overcrowded city, one half of whose population lives in abject misery, the other in that unhealthy rioting and luxury which precedes the downfall of all great nations. For where simplicity gives place to an inordinate craving for excitement, coupled with a growing love of creature comforts, some radical evil exists in a country's social system. But the Babylonians feasted, and made merry, refusing to take note of the signs of the times.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CONCLUSION.

MAJOR GRIMSHAW wrote the truth when he informed his uncle that things were not going altogether well in Prince's Street. Although Beau's wound was now healed, and Doctor Corfield had for some time past pronounced his patient convalescent, his spirits were frightfully depressed, whilst his mind appeared perfectly unable to reassume a healthy and tranquil tone.

Beau blamed himself bitterly for having directly caused Mrs. Stapleton's death. He knew that it resulted from no mere accident, as the more charitable of her acquaintances assumed. And with this knowledge implanting a sting of remorse within him, he refused to touch a penny of the money left to him in her will. He wanted to make it all over to Amy, but, after repeated letters from Lydia's solicitors, it became evident that the deceased had fully provided against this contingency, and he should only be acting in opposition to her last wishes were he to persist in his determination not to profit by the bequest. But his greatest trouble of all arose from Dolly's silence. He longed to hear of her, or from her, yet a very natural delicacy prevented him from seeking information of his companion. Once, and once only during the course of his illness did he remark with feigned indifference :

"By-the-way, Harry, do you ever have any news of the good people at Woodford Chase now-a-days?"

"No, not a word," came the discouraging reply. "I believe my uncle and cousin have gone to town, and intend